A dramatic coastal scene featuring a massive, white-capped wave crashing against a dark, craggy rock formation. The ocean is a deep, turbulent blue, and the sky above is filled with heavy, grey clouds.

The Gleaner  
1986

*Photo by Cammy Alcorn*



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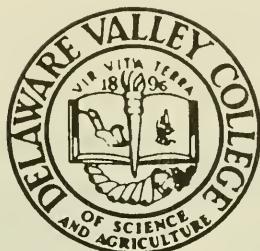
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# The Gleaner

established 1901

Delaware Valley College of Science and Agriculture  
Doylestown, Pennsylvania 18901

Spring 1986



## Editors

Cammy Alcorn  
Grace Wells

## Staff

Bonnie Anderson  
Missy Brangan  
James Plisco  
Becky Spinnler

## Cover

Missy Brangan

## Literary Work

Cammy Alcorn  
Missy Brangan  
John C. Buckingham, Jr.  
Carney  
Maggie Ellis  
C.A.F.  
Ed Hennessey  
Arthur Hingst  
Peter Klier  
Vicky Mosby  
Kenneth Muckenfuss  
Julie Myers  
James Plisco  
Bob Scot  
Trystyn  
A.R.W.  
Ann Whitesell  
B.S.W.

## Photographs

Cammy Alcorn  
Missy Brangan  
Carole Bryan  
Maggie Ellis  
Brian Eshenaur  
M.E.M.  
Grace Wells

## Artwork

Anonymous  
Missy Brangan  
Maggie Ellis  
Laura Etzweiler  
Tracy Pentz  
Becky Spinnler

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*Photo by Missy Brang*

## Well In Stride

*Well I'm no up and comer  
and my life ain't been the best.  
I've taken what I wanted  
and left behind me all the rest.*

*I may not be a hero  
on a western sunset ride  
But I am my own person  
and I take it well in stride.*

*Now I've been all around this world  
and never left my home.*

*I've learned by observation  
the meaning of "to each his own."  
I've seen all kinds of people,  
some with courage, some with pride  
But each was his own person,  
and they took it well in stride.*

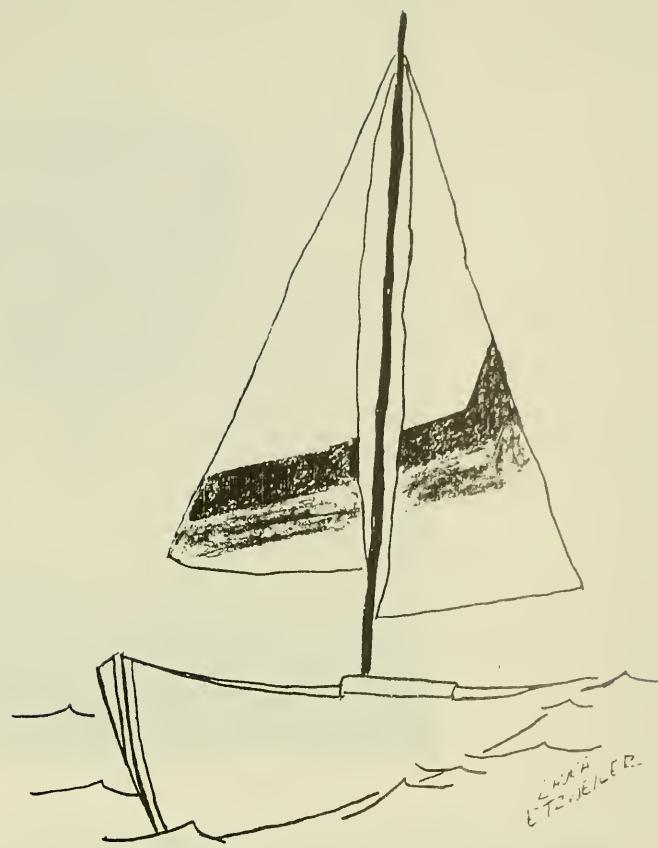
*I take it well in stride  
to be the best I can  
And when I choose to let it slide  
I keep it well in hand  
I may not be a saint  
I've got nothing here to hide  
I make my own way day by day  
I take it well in stride.*

*James Plisco*

# Torn Sail

You had a choice to make  
and you chose to take the wrong stand.  
So now you're not so sure  
if you're going to be able to get back up  
on your own two feet again.  
The future is looking darker  
and the consequences prevail.  
The way it looks right now  
you're out floatin' with a torn sail.  
You say you realize that your choice was wrong.  
But that's not going to help you out now,  
while you're inside looking out.  
Waching from behind the glass  
as the world just passes along.  
It's a little too late to wonder  
and it's too late not to fail.  
You can try to get away  
but you won't get far on a torn sail.  
I guess you'll just have to pick yourself up  
and start over again.  
There's little left to lose.  
And who knows you just might gain some ground.  
You have to live with your decision.  
You can't go back and change it now.  
Face the music,  
because now it's either swim or drown.  
And if the wind does blow your way  
you might as well know right now.  
A torn sail,  
ain't gonna help you much anyhow.  
Yeah, don't judge a book by its cover  
until you've read through  
to the end of the tale.  
Because the moral of the story  
says you won't get far  
if the consequences prevail  
Because the winds of your tomorrow  
are blowin' on a torn sail.

B.S.W.



*Artwork by Laura Etzweiler*



*Photo by M.E.M.*

## The Truth

*It seems there's always something  
We'd rather be by far  
Rarely are we ever pleased  
With who or what we are  
We dream of fame and fortune  
Of luxuries and such  
Sacrificing along the way  
Those things that mean so much  
The key to being happy  
Is not to shoot for stars above  
But reach for realistic dreams  
With someone that you love*

*Arthur Hingst*

# **Seasons**

*Our lives are like the seasons,  
We pass through each only once,  
In the spring, We are born,  
    It's the dawning of new life.  
In the summer, We are growing  
    To find the future ahead.  
In the fall, We have reached our peaks,  
    But have not fallen yet.  
In the winter, Our lives come to an end,  
    So then other sprouts must take our place.*

*James Plisco*



*Photo by Grace Wells*

*As the sun shines through the field  
And the world again is real,  
I feel the warmth of fantasy,  
Coming from my dreams.*

*As the sun starts the day,  
I feel the longing for gaiety,  
And wish for a festivity,  
To brighten up the gray.*

*For a gift of a friendly smile,  
I would walk many a mile,  
Of the toughest terrain yet known to man  
Just to see it for a little while.*

*My heart is as a void,  
Where nothing hopes to grow,  
But if I had someone with whom to share my love,  
There would be nothing of sorrow.*

*How can I put into words,  
The things I feel inside.  
The yearning for love, the fear of pain,  
In my heart they all reside.*

*They wait and abide their time,  
Waiting for someone special to come,  
And change my life to happy times  
So I'd no longer need to run  
From my fears, from life itself,  
From sorrow yet to come.*

*I wish for only happiness.  
I wish for only love.  
I wish only to make people smile  
But I need help from above,  
To shield me as a glove.*

*John C. Buckingham, Jr.*

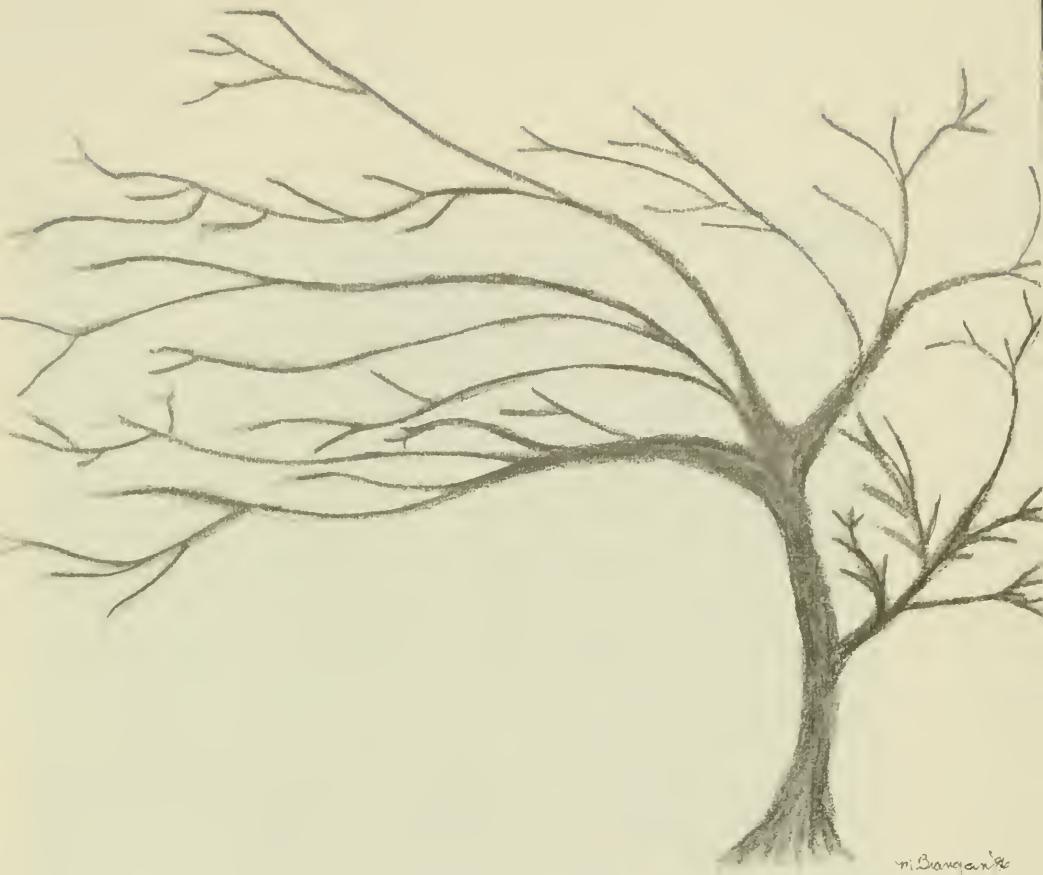


*Photo by Cammy Alcorn*

# **Autumn**

*Stand tall you beautiful trees  
And show off your colorful array of leaves  
For it is once again that time of year  
When Autumn is again undoubtedly here  
They look so distinguished as their colors unfold  
Like an artist's brushstrokes of orange, red and gold  
Yes this is one of my favorite seasons  
And the trees alone are one of my reasons*

*Maggie Ellis*



m.Brangan's

**Artwork by Missy Brangan**



*Photo by Brian Eshenaur*

## For Christine Marie (Lemniscate)

*Fly as free as the wild geese,  
Within the midnight sky.*

*Ride on the winds of innocence,  
As autumn passes by.*

*Shoulder aside the twink'ling stars,  
Your strength of wing's untried.  
Beneath the sil'vry winter's moon,  
The pain's of tears once cried.*

*Visions of the eternal quest  
Shall guide the path you steer.  
Needs of shelter, a friend, alone,  
'Till journey's end draws near.*

*Again the geese through Lion fly.  
An age is now undone.  
The flight, alone no longer made,  
For two now fly as one.*

*Trystyn*

## **Live In Peace**

*Young children of this land,  
Please live in peace.  
For if not this experimental generation  
Will soon be deceased.*

*Reach out your hands and have a heart  
You are the ones that must find a  
new start.*

*Science has brought forth new things  
For the purpose of construction.  
But our technology will bring us  
to total destruction.*

*If we shall engage in nuclear war,  
This beautiful world will never, never  
be more.*

*So open your eyes and listen to me,  
you must let love and freedom be.  
Young children of the land, please live in peace.*

*Julie Myers*



Artwork by Missy Brangan



*Photo by Grace Wells*

## **Love Is A Mountain**

*I travelled up Love's Mountain  
Though I did not go that high  
I shouted out my love for you  
But there was no reply*

*I travelled down, but then I found  
inspiration once again  
To try to send my message  
To my lover, to my friend*

*I started up the Mountain  
As I'd done so recently  
From fields of endless flowers  
To where there grew no trees*

*I came to where I'd been before  
And felt that I would stop  
But thoughts of you renewed my strength  
As I travelled to the top*

*Finally, high above the clouds  
Where eagles dare to fly  
I stood upon the pinnacle  
Of Love's Mountain, oh, so high*

*Silently I wondered  
As I stared across the sky  
Would my true love hear me  
Would there be a reply*

*This time emotion gripped me  
So tight I could not speak  
But my heart whispered soft "I Love You"  
The valley's echoed endlessly*

*Arthur Hingst*

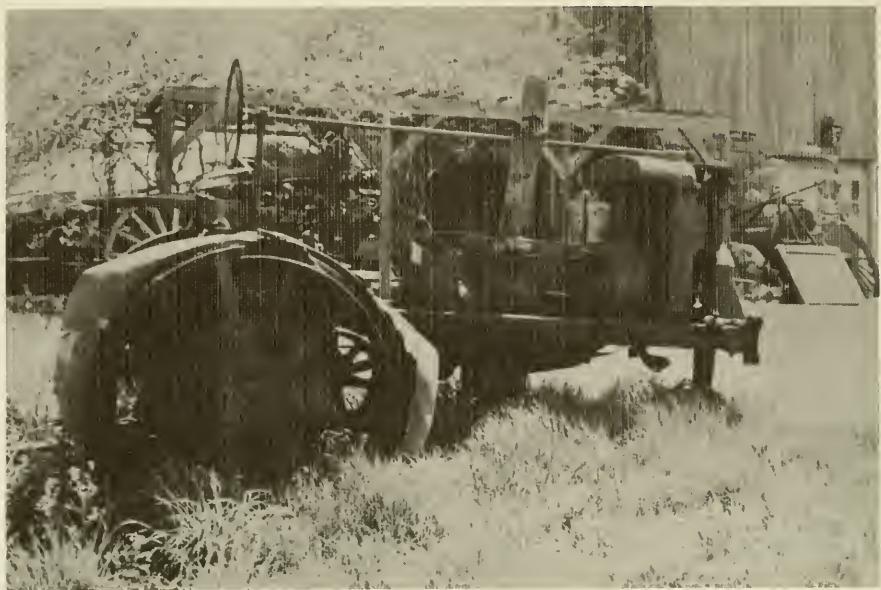
# **Under Water Blues**

All the lines are taken  
all the words have been said  
There seems to be no way to say  
the thoughts that run through my head  
I drown in the words of those  
who wrote the words down first  
Why is it that the words they chose  
are the words for which I thirst  
It seems I have no words of my own to choose  
Or is it just another case of under water blues?  
Just another fish in the sea  
I struggle to survive  
I fight the vicious rapids  
just to stay alive  
A boat upon the sea  
A drop of water in a storm  
flowing ever freely  
yet forced to conform  
Can't seem to keep my head  
It seems the harder I try  
I just seem to lose myself  
Will I survive?  
Could I really be washed out?  
Could this all be true?  
Or is it just another case  
of under water blues?

*Bob Scot*



*Photo by Missy Brangan*



*Photo by Maggie Ellis*

## The American Farmer

*The American farmer has gotten the short end of the stick. He is an individual who not only works a job, he lives his job twenty four hours a day. It is a somewhat thankless job. A type of job that is more or less behind the scenes. He is not well known because he spends so much of his time with his land and animals. He doesn't have time to float around circles of high precedence. He has a job to do and he does it well. Very few other jobs have such an individual so devoted to his work. Maybe that's because the American farmer is one of the select few who can handle this very specific and demanding life.*

*It is amazing how the American farmer persists. He refuses to give up even when the odds are against him. He loves people, animals and the land. Farming is not a matter of economics. It is a matter of love, love for a way of life. It is true that the American farmer can stretch money as far as it can possibly go. How else is he to survive? Farming has many gambles — most of which are uncontrollable. And just remember, the next time that dish of food comes to the table, whose life, love and labor went into it — The behind the scenes individual; "The American Farmer."*

Kenneth L. Muckenfuss



**Artwork by Tracy Pentz**

# Ending The Depression

*There comes a time  
in the heart of all people  
A time to share the love within  
For out in the world we find  
Many that are cold and lonely  
Who strive to be noticed  
But often these poor people  
try too hard to fill their needs  
Relax people — love comes to everyone.  
Love is something that cannot be made  
It's something that has always existed  
Love comes to those who are patient.  
Many times we try too hard to find love  
and wind up worse than when we started  
This is the time to give up, for now.  
Put those energies into something else  
and love will come when unexpected  
So this has been told to me.  
By thinking and thinking, my friend  
I've realized that this is very true  
Get on with life, end the depression.*

*James Plisco*



# Unseen Voice

You linger through the vacant corridors.  
Entrapped in space, an unconscious choice.  
Frigid the air you leave behind.  
Dwelling within my unconscious mind,  
my unseen voice.

Cammy Alcorn

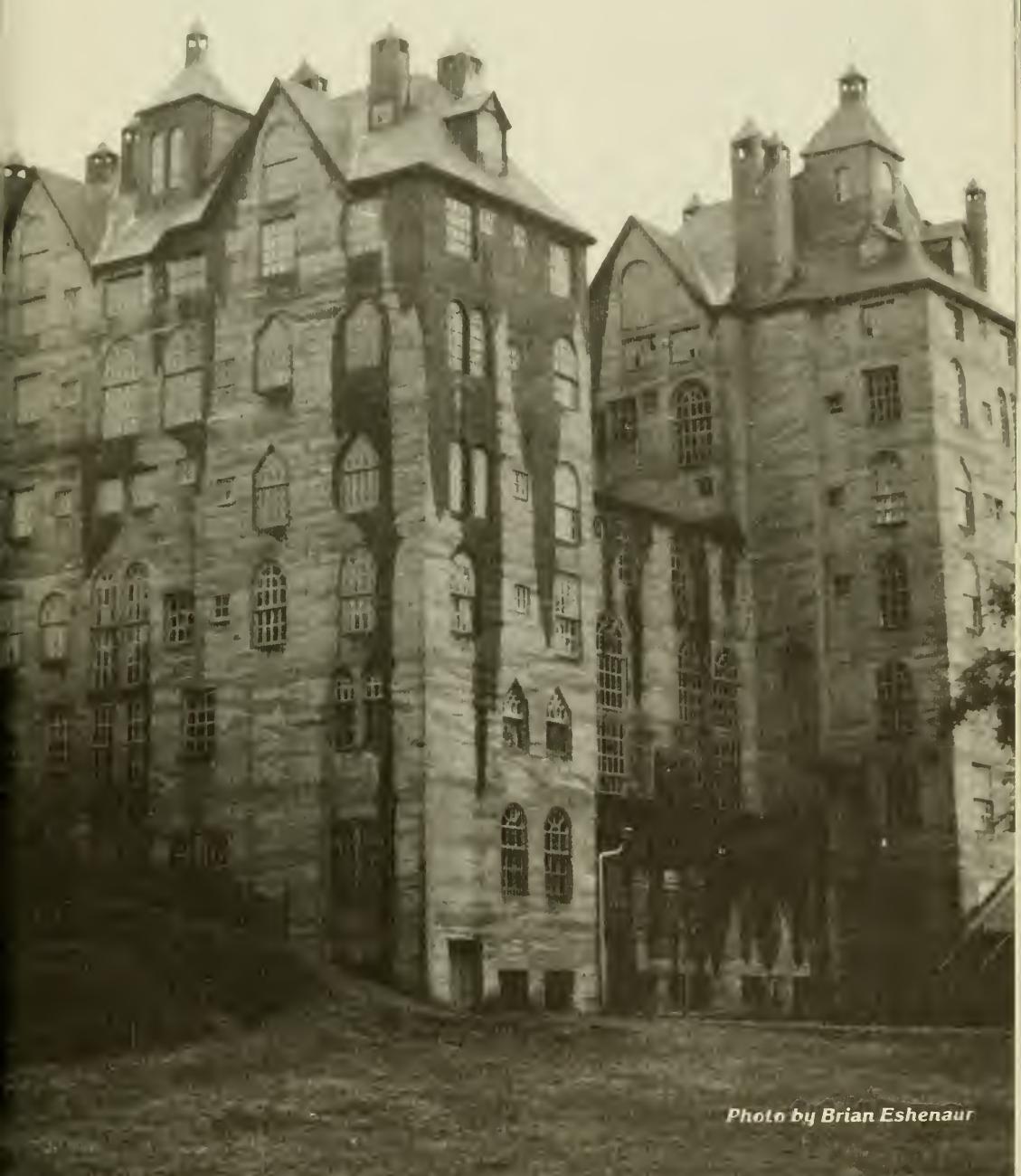


Photo by Brian Eshenaur

# The Jackhammer

*The winds blow over  
The air is getting colder  
The men press my button  
They sit back and lie  
While I'm ready to die  
They laugh in my face.*

*The hot summer sun  
Beats down on the cold steel  
It's getting warmer, warmer,  
until it burns up.  
Can I be the one  
to think and feel,  
or must the jackhammer pound away,  
away, away, away, away?*

*The men, they stand and stare.  
I'm running out of air  
But I keep going along.*

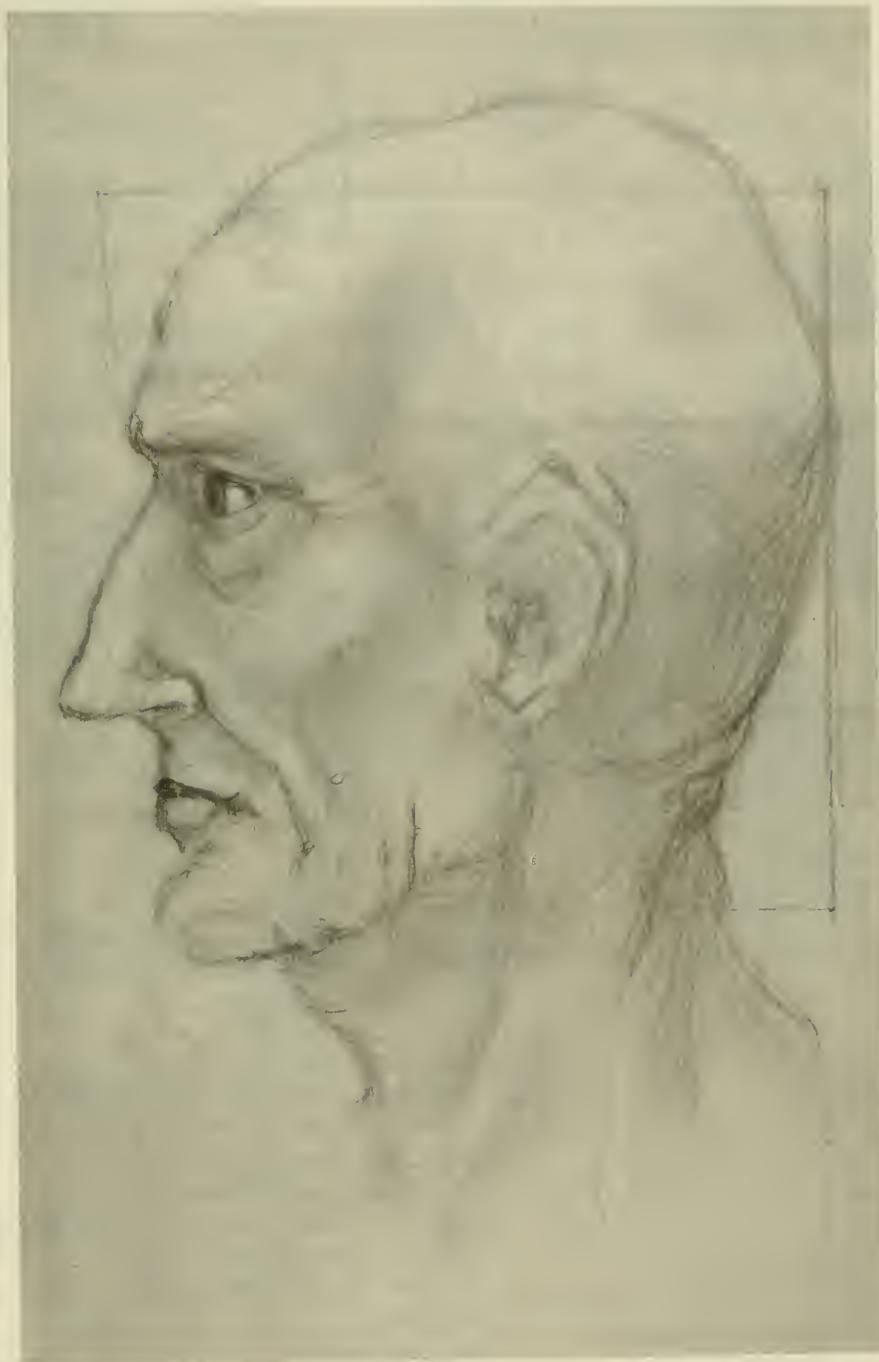
*The noose is getting tighter.  
Well I feel just like a jackhammer  
causing all the clamour  
digging the hole  
making my way along the road  
by p-p-p-p-pounding away.*

*But I've never knocked it up,  
and I've found,  
going down the line  
That the jackhammer  
is really a jackass,  
a jackass, a jackass.*

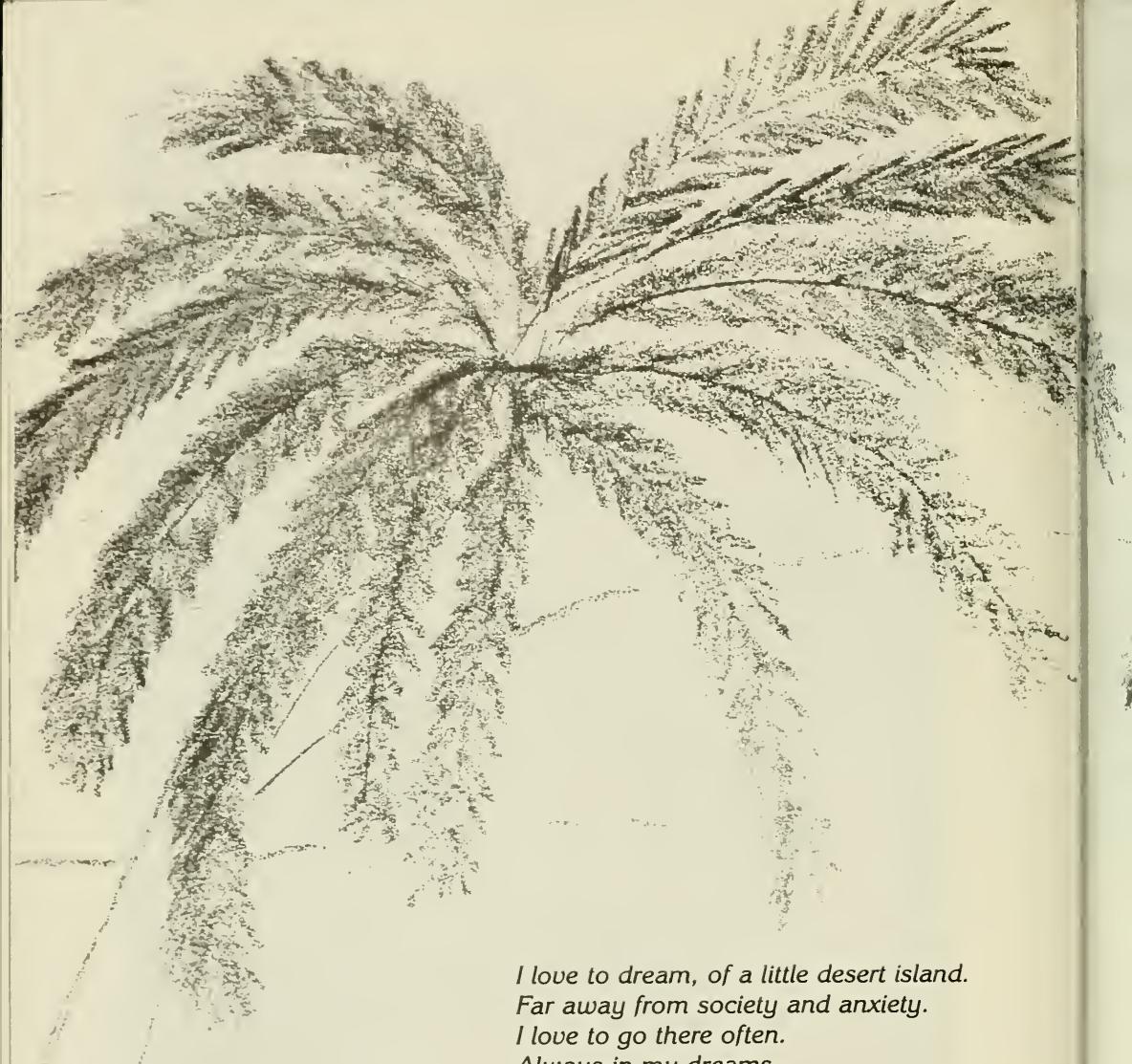
*Well I feel like a jackhammer  
'cause people keep telling me  
to hit the road.*

*And I want to stop  
but people keep telling me  
t-t-to hit-t-t-t-t-t  
the road  
And I feel like a jackhammer  
'cause I just keep hitting that road.*

*Peter Klier*



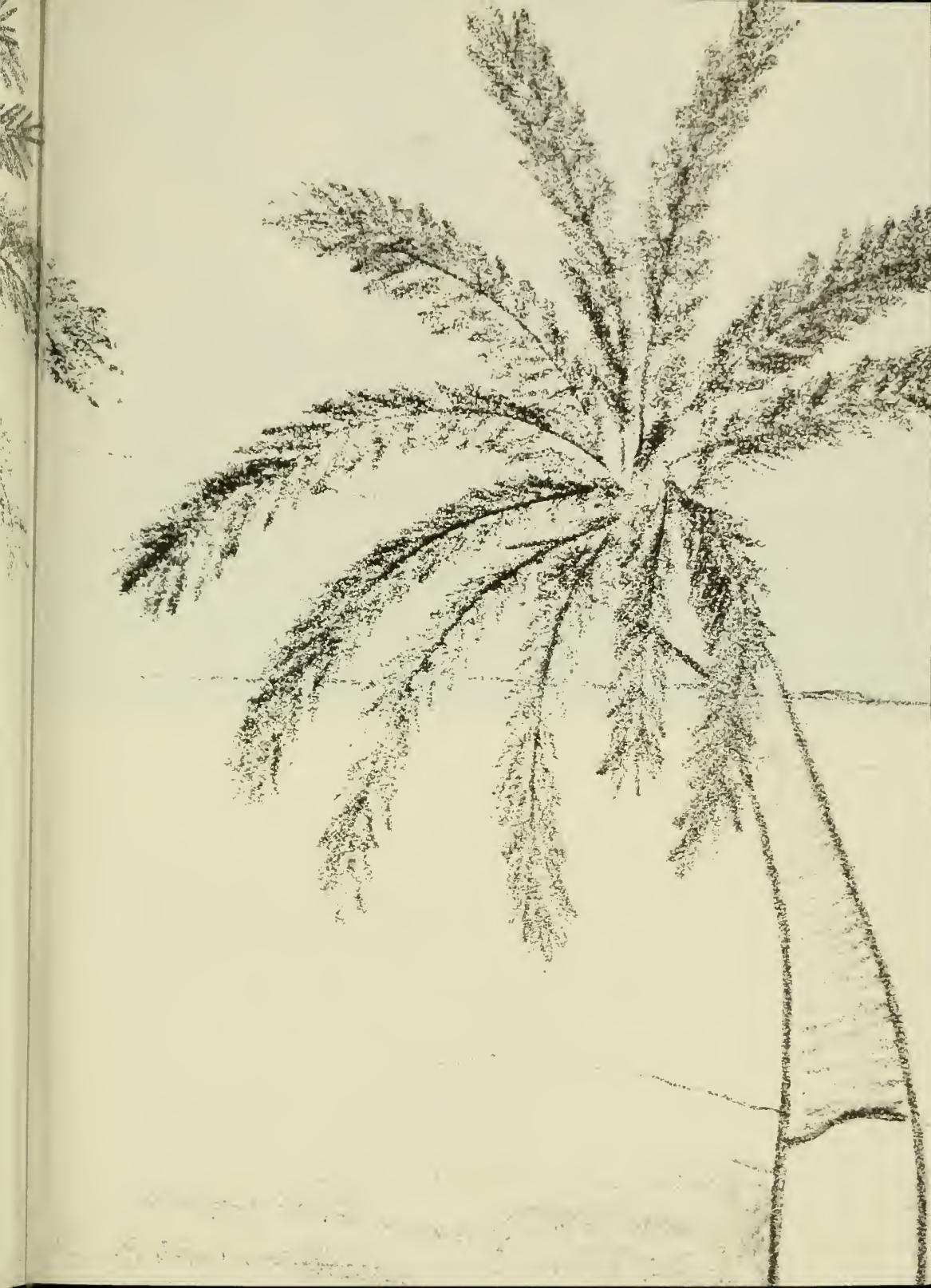
*Artwork by Anonymous*



I love to dream, of a little desert island.  
Far away from society and anxiety.  
I love to go there often.  
Always in my dreams  
I run along the beach  
And lay in the warm tropical sun.  
Then when I come back,  
Life's a little better,  
problems are easier to solve,  
and I know that at any time I can go back  
without reservations.  
Back to my little desert island.

To DML.

Missy Brangan



## **Always Look Up To The Trees**

*Well it's been so rough getting started  
on that long hard road.  
And we may be finally rolling  
but we've still got a long, long way to go.  
The future's looking brighter :  
and the sun is shining through the trees.  
But we still must leave the forest  
We're not quite out of the woods just yet.  
The underbrush is just below our knees  
Making our own trails, going our own way  
Our dreams are our goals and we'll make it someday  
All we have to do is believe,  
We may outdo the forest but we'll always look up to the trees*



*Photo by Grace Wells*

*Well we finally outdid the oakland,  
and we like the lovely things we see.  
Long rolling hills of green grass  
and a promising road with no shelter for you, and me.  
Hey, we finally made the grade, another step, another show.  
But there's a storm growing on the horizon.  
We could survive if we knew we had a place to go.  
Out on our own now, meadows and hills  
Riding the storm out, with no time to kill  
We've finally got a place that we can go.*

B.S.W.



***Photo by Maggie Ellis***

# The Loneliness of Childhood

*Now don't go in that closet  
Scary it might be  
They were a sweet family  
Little him and loving three.*

*Then at age seven  
They said she went to heaven  
The first his heart would ache.*

*With cheeks against the window pane  
For his father he would wait  
One dark day Dad didn't come  
And he was barely eight.*

*Grandma hugged and kissed him  
Tried to make him fine  
A nap she took, he couldn't wake  
And he was only nine.*

*'Pack up,' 'Here I'll wait'  
Stony stared, man from state.*

*Now to that closet he did walk  
His heart began to churn  
As he stood in lonely splendor  
And watched the doorknob turn.*

*He entered into darkness  
The door then closed again  
He laid down with a heart that smiled  
The day that he was ten.*

*Carney*



*Photo by M.E.M.*

## The Meaning of Love...

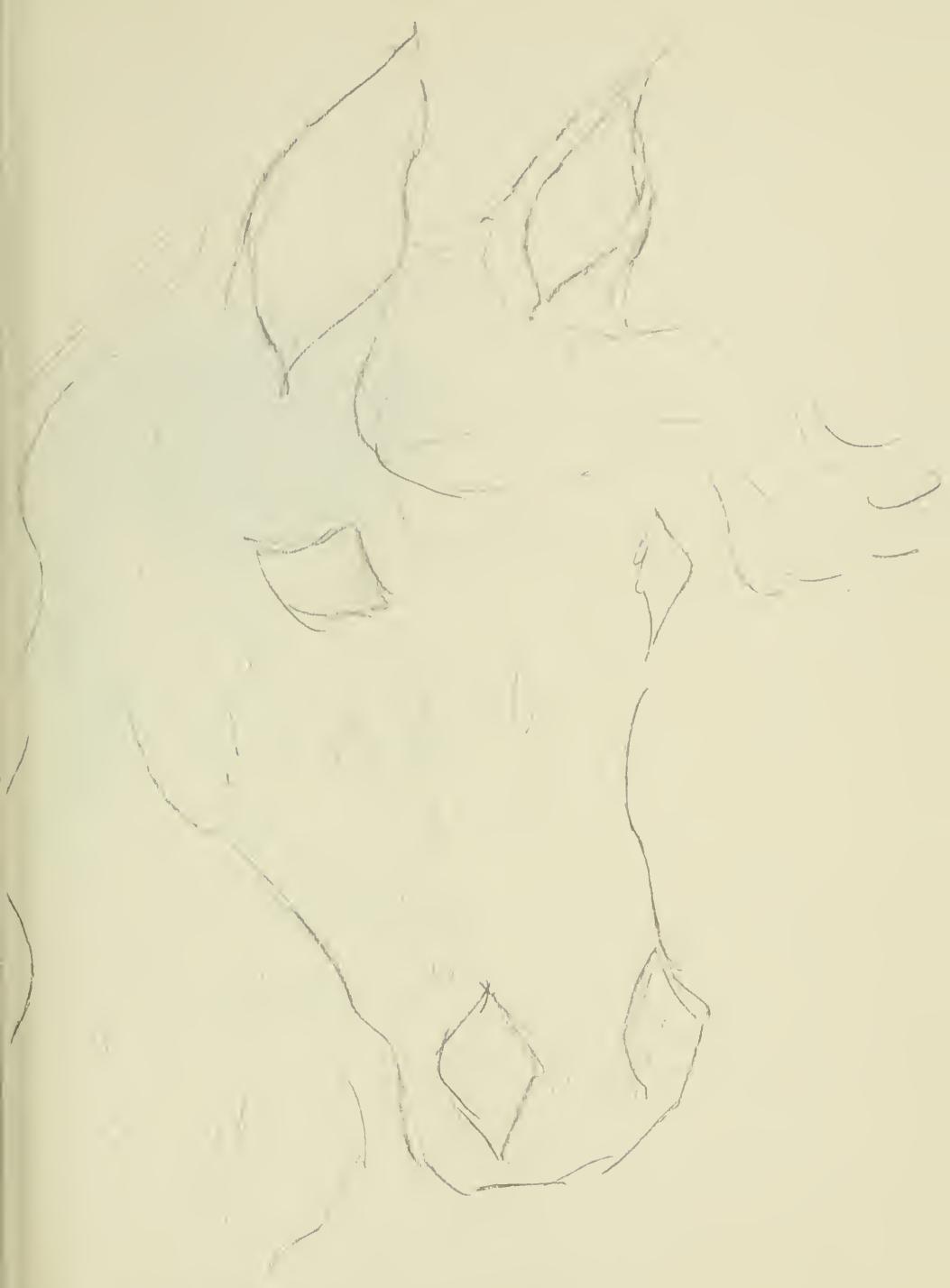
*We need to know the meaning of love  
For it is, indeed, over and above  
The quest for life with which to survive  
To keep our very hearts alive*

*Let us please believe in a  
Brotherhood of man  
And join together  
As part of the plan*

*To demonstrate how easy  
Our lives can be  
When we've sincerely succumbed  
To the harmony*

*That the happiness  
We can find within  
Is a reflection of  
A belief in Him*

*Maggie Ellis*



**Artwork by Becky Spinnler**



## **Why I Still Believe**

*I wonder why we are so distant and  
yet I can still remember You're presence.  
Maybe it's the laughter or a small smile  
Sometimes I believe that what we have  
is forever, only to learn that time never  
stops and we have changed.*

*On a cold winter's night my haunting dreams are  
of you.*

*It is a needed reassurance of your voice  
for a sign of faith in me.*

*The touch of your strong gentle hands.  
A belief in the immortal triumph of the spirit.  
What can be said for friendship that has grown.*

*You are the anything and the everything  
You have taken the crazy dreams of the past  
and made them real.*

*You say black, I say white . . . Then a burst  
of laughter at our own stubbornness  
You are a different breed apart, yet,  
You taught me that being different is the  
best way to be.*

*No regrets, no tears, no pity for I shall  
always respect you as a Man.*

A.R.W.

# Heart's Desire

*The road to true love is a long and hard one  
it has been traveled many times,  
Seeing many hearts fall to the wayside,  
But there are some hearts that continue;  
Journeying farther down the road,  
Taking the necessary risks and pursuing onward,  
until . . .*

*The bends in the road run straight —  
All opposing forces are defeated —  
The sun shines brightly, lighting the way —  
It is those hearts that finish,  
That are truly the strong ones,  
our hearts . . .  
together!*

*Ed Hennessey*



*Photo by Cammy Alcorn*



*Photo by M.E.M.*

## **Never Again**

*Can't hear the music.  
Can't see the sky.  
Can't feel the tears,  
Running from my eyes.  
Why must you be neglected  
From all these precious things,  
Never again to see the trees  
Swaying in the wind, never  
Again to see the dope,  
That killed you my best friend.*

*Vicky Mosby*



*Artwork by Anonymous*

## Frogs

*Frogs have class  
Frogs have style  
They have the capacity to rivet awhile  
They can be edible  
Sometimes forgettable  
They come in various shapes and sizes  
But are basically the same  
Except maybe one  
And that's my husband  
He gave up his crown  
But he'll always be a Prince to me  
And the secret is ours eternally*

*Maggie Ellis*



**Artwork by Maggie Ellis**

## The First Day of School

*I missed the little baby  
When I met the little boy,  
The trading of a rattle  
For a shiny tinker toy.  
Now standing here before me  
As he goes to shake my hand,  
His arms outstretched politely  
Is my tiny little man.  
I want to hug and kiss him  
But he'll have no more of that.  
He has a world to conquer  
As he tugs his tiny hat.  
He stands in open doorway  
In sunlight bright and grand.  
I can't see his tiny smile  
Just his waving tiny hand.  
He pets the dog, goes down the lawn  
Then turns to wave again.  
Then hurriedly he carries on  
To meet a tiny friend.  
Now I know he's turned the corner  
And I've missed his last goodbyes,  
But it's hard to see a tiny man  
When you look through misty eyes.*

Carney

## **September 14th**

*Remember that night in September,  
When we danced the night away?  
Who would think that we would still be together  
To this very day.*

*Time has gone by quickly  
But yet not much time has passed  
I know my love has grown deeper  
I think this one will last*

*You have a special way about you  
That brings a smile to my face every day  
I look forward to just saying Hello  
Or spending time with you in any way*

*You're not only a lover but a friend  
That's really important to me  
I hope I'm the same to you,  
A lover and a friend*

*The feeling I get when we are together  
Fills my heart with joy  
Does your heart feel the same,  
Like you could love no other?*

*I want to hold your hand forever  
Your sweet and gentle touch is new  
Please love me like I love you  
I know my love is true!*

C.A.F.

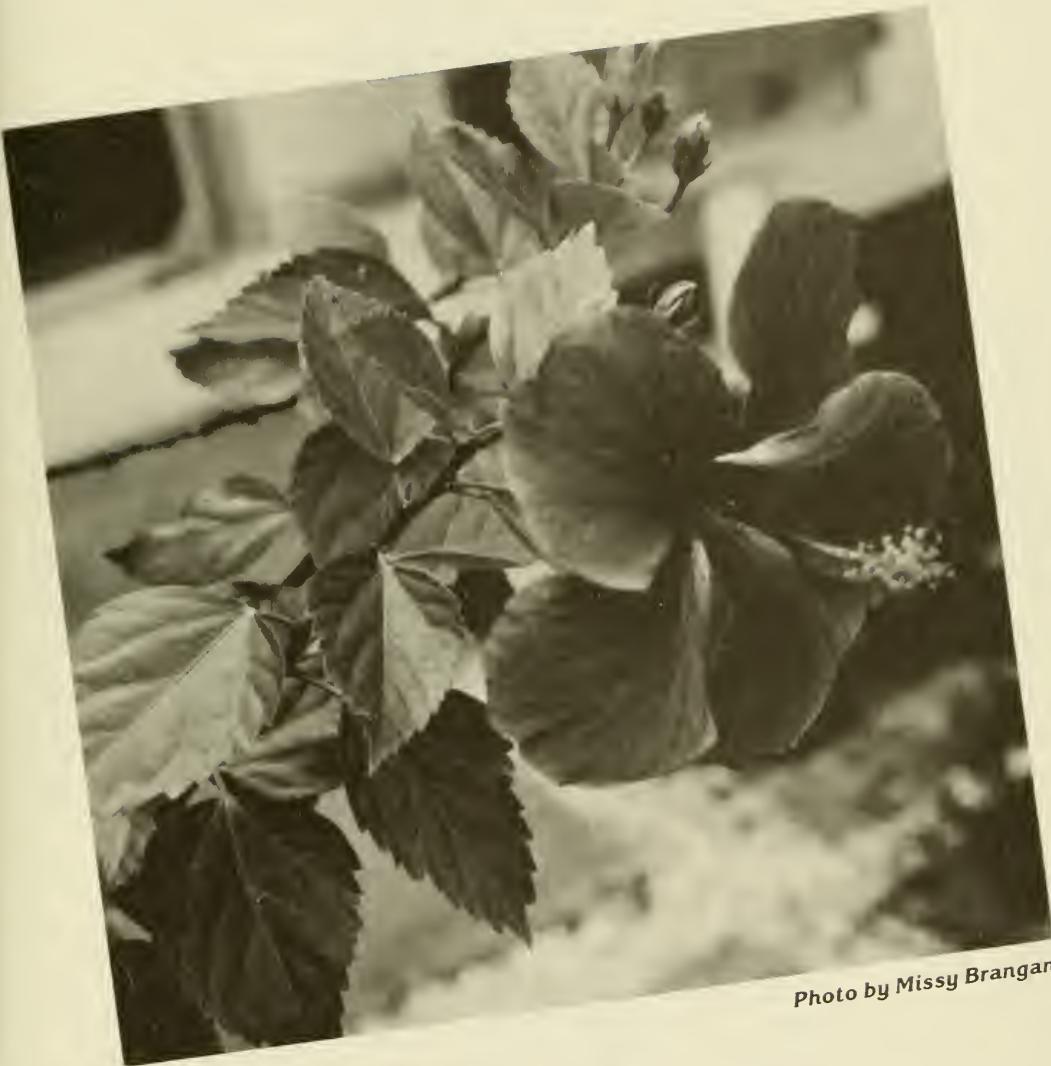


Photo by Missy Brangan



Artwork by Laura Etzweiler

Laura  
Etzweiler

## The Apple Tree

*Do you hear the wind whistle through the apple tree?*

*Can you believe in the sound it makes?*

*The knots of the bark are the testimony to time.*

*They have listened to all the old sad stories of every farmer.*

*To the joyous laughter of the farmer's children playing in the high branches  
looking over the land that one day they too shall love.*

*Do you see the branches sway in the harsh stormy wind?*

*Can you believe they will withstand the beating of this storm?*

*The apple strap has beaten many a lesson into the family's son.*

*They sweep down to touch the young boy and girl underneath their veil. The  
children watch the world from the tree and they too will prosper and grow as  
does the canopy of the apple tree.*

*Can you see the red apples shiny in the early morning sun?*

*Can you believe that the fruit of the tree will last?*

*They have started with small buds in the early spring and these bright fruits  
on this dusty Autumn Day are a promise of a bright tomorrow.*

*"Can you believe another year has passed?" and "yes, I have grown strong  
just like you, old apple. Because we are one from the same earth. I feed you,  
the eater for you to live, and you give me the strength to live from your  
fruits."*

*Ann Whitesell*

# To Be Your Friend

*It was a late night in August.  
So cold and chilling.  
I had so much trust.  
You loved me, or one day was willing.  
I've never been that wrong before,  
feeling so full of fright.  
You've never heard me ask for more.  
Until that very night.  
I could not begin to tell you.  
How much you hurt me so.  
I never thought I'd think this.  
But over you I wanted to go.*

. . . ONE YEAR LATER . . .

*Now my love for you has died,  
It's at the very end.  
All I wanted deep inside,  
Was just to be your friend.  
All the times you've hurt my heart,  
I simply just can't mend.  
So now I must find the strength,  
to make a brand new friend.  
The time has come to say goodbye.  
It doesn't seem all to fair.  
You know I'll always love you,  
We just don't make a pair.*

. . . ONE YEAR LATER . . .

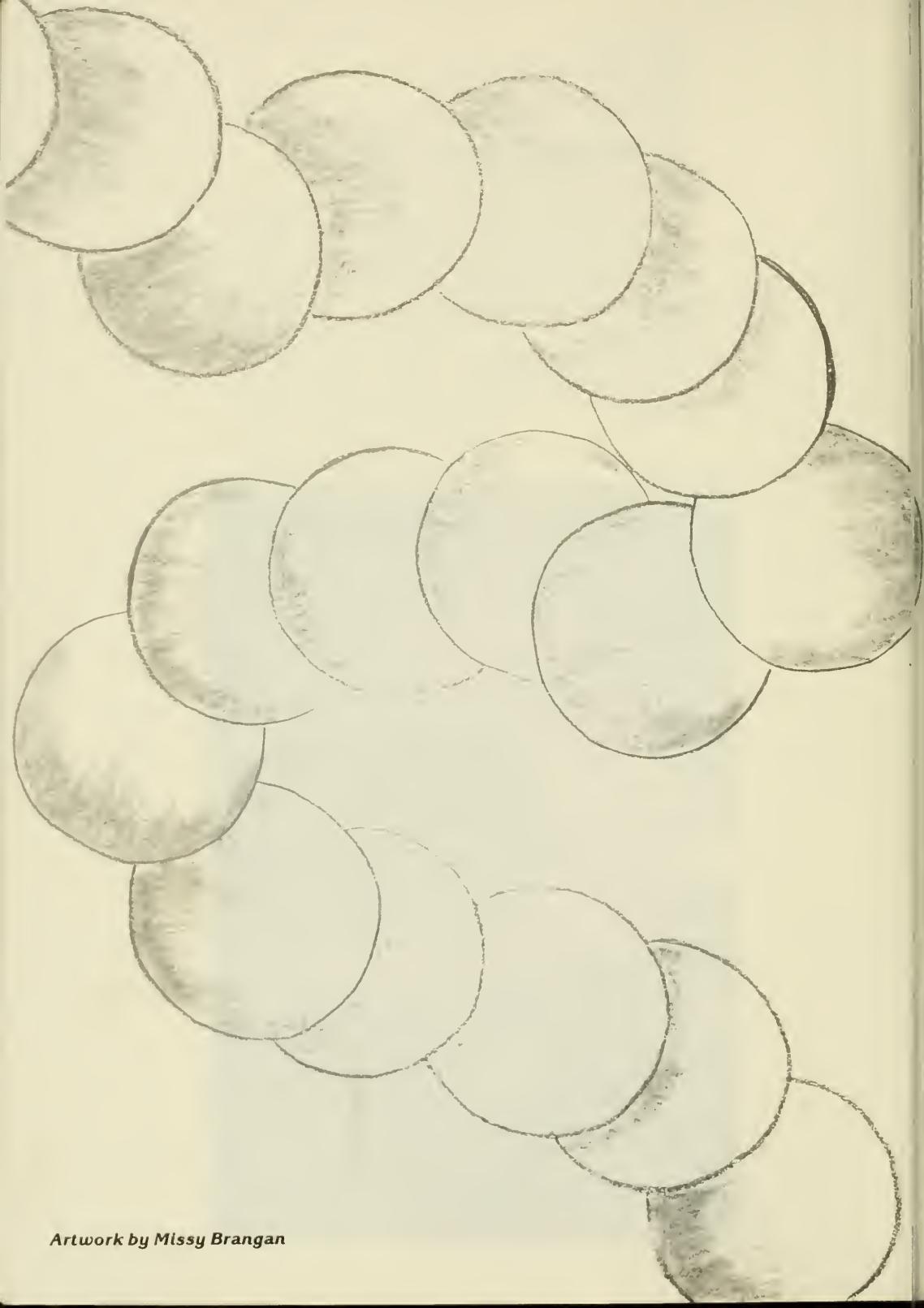
*You've begged and you've pleaded.  
For me to forgive.  
How could I ever love you.  
For it was you, I didn't want to live.  
I swore I'd never take you back.  
But in your arms I lie.  
No one could ever tear me away,  
I am higher than the sky.*

*Love is a risk.  
Sometimes you feel so blue.  
Love is a lot of things,  
Not making someone feel the way that you do.  
You told me, you still are not sure,  
But we will travel life's road together.  
It's only fair before we start,  
To say, "I hope it goes on forever."  
This poem is a poem of my feelings,  
My feelings for you have no end.  
Please when you read this  
Remember,  
All I want from you is . . .  
TO BE YOUR FRIEND.*

*Julie Myers*



*Photo by Carole Bryan*



Artwork by Missy Brangan

## All Downhill

*Hold on Mary, Hold on tight  
Just relax, it's not bad fright  
Yes, we climb up that steep hill  
Going down, wheee, what a thrill.*

*Now we take this turn real quick  
Hang on Mary, don't get sick  
Oh, my belly spins with speed  
This is scary fun indeed.*

*Now we make a turn around  
Now my belly can't be found  
Underneath something we fly  
No, no Mary we won't die.*

*See, we're stopping safe but fast  
Opened up your eyes at last  
You'll get to like these rides with us  
It's really nice, this old school bus.*

Carney

## **Opinions Of Others**

**See Me As I Am, Not As You See Me.**

*My mother sees me as the child she never really had.*

*My father sees me as the pathetic kid that always made him mad.*

*My mother always pictured me as being number one.*

*My father always pictured me as always being dumb.*

*Love filled eyes of mother for a daughter she loves so dear.*

*Confused eyes of father who never really cared.*

*To father I am considered, a burden of distressed. Who one day will have the pleasure of removing from his nest. Mother on the other hand always at her best, decided she would have to find a way to deal with her little pest!*

*Deep down inside, one day I shall find that my father loves me so. Ever but so stubborn to ever let me know!*

*Father, mother, I say to thee:*

*See me as I am,*

*not as you see me.*

*No matter what my parents say,*

*No matter what they think.*

*No matter what they see.*

*To me and everyone else,*

*I always will be me.*

*Vickie Mosby*



*Photo by Maggie Ellis*





